Enter Cleon the Gouernor of Tharſus, with his wife and others.

Cleon. My *Dioniſia*, ſhall we reſt vs here,
And by relating tales of others griefes,
See if t'will teach vs to forget our owne;
Dion. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it,
For who digs hills becauſe they do aſpire,
Throwes downe one Mountaine to caſt vp a higher:
O my diſtreſſed Lord, euen ſuch our griefes are,
Here they are but felt, and ſeene with miſchiefes eies,
But like to Groues being tops, they higher riſe.
Cleon. O *Dioniza*,
Who wanteth food, and will not ſay he wants it,
Or can conceale his hunger till he famiſh?
Our tongues and ſorrowes do ſound deepe:
Our woes it to the ayre, our eyes to weepe,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaime
Them louder, that if heauen ſlumber while
Their creatures want, they may awake
Their helpers to comfort them.
Ile then diſcourſe our woes felt ſeuerall yeares,
And wanting breath to ſpeake, helpe me with teares,
Dion. Ile do my beſt Sir.
Cleon. This *Tharſus*, ore which I haue the gouernment,
A Citty, on whom plenty held full hand:
For riches ſtrewd herſelfe euen in the ſtreetes,
Whoſe towers bare heads ſo high, they kiſt the clouds,
And ſtrangers ne're beheld, but wondred at,
Whoſe men and dames ſo iettred and adorn'd,
Like one anothers glaſſe to trim them by:
There tables were ſtor'd full, to glad the ſight,
And not ſo much to feede on as delight,
All pouerty was ſcornd, and pride ſo great,
The name of helpe grew odious to repeat.
Dion. O tis true.
Cleon. But ſee what heauen can do by this our change:

Theſe mouthes, who but of late, earth, ſea, and ayre,
Weare all too little to content and pleaſe,
Although they gaue their creatures in abundance:
As houſes are defiled for want of vſe.
They are now ſtaru'd for want of exerciſe;
Thoſe pallats, who not yet to ſauers yonger,
Muſt haue inuentions to delight the taſte,
Would now be glad of bred, and beg for it:
Theſe mothers, who to nouzell vp their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are reddy now
To eate thoſe little darlings whom they loued,
So ſharpe are hungers teeth, that man and wife,
Draw lots who firſt ſhall dye to lengthen life.
Here ſtands a Lord, and there a Lady weeping,
Here many ſicke, yet thoſe that ſee them fall,
Haue ſcarſe ſtrength to giue them buriall.
Is not this true?
Dion. Our cheekes and hollow eyes do witneſſe it.
Cleon. O let thoſe Cities that of plenties cup.
And her proſperities ſo largely taſte,
With their ſuperfluous ryots heare theſe teates,
The miſery of *Tharſus* may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Wher's the Lord Gouernor?
Cleon. Here, ſpeake out thy ſorrowes, which thou bring'ſt in haſte, for comfort is to farre for vs to expect.
Lord. We haue deſcried vpon our neigbouring ſhore,
A portly ſayle of ſhips make hither ward.
Cleon. I thought as much.
One ſorrow neuer comes but brings an heyre,
That may ſucceed as his inheritour:
And ſo in ours: ſome neighbouring Nation,
Taking aduantage of our miſery,
That ſtuft the hollow veſſels with there power,
To beare vs downe the which are downe already,
And make a conqueſt of vnhappy me,
Whereas no glory is got to ouercome.